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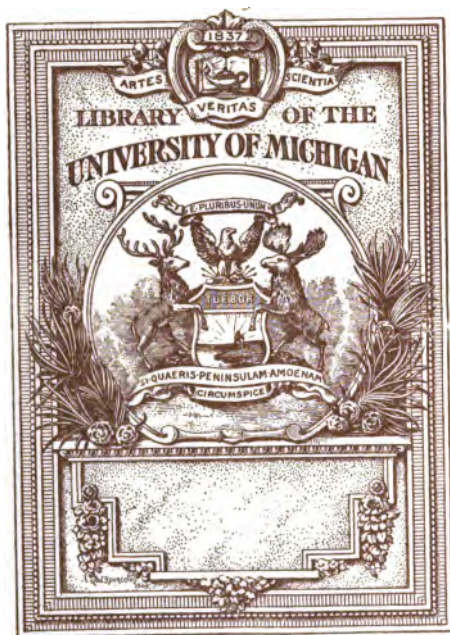
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For Beulah

with love and
truest friendship

Edward H. Strickland

February 1899. —

1

2

Vermont Verse.

*ALL HAIL TO OUR GREEN MOUNTAIN
COLLEGE.*

*Hail ! All Hail ! All Hail !
All hail to our Green Mountain College,
We greet thee with honor and song ;
Ahead with the ranks of the learned
You are merrily marching along.
We'll all gather round from the campus,
E'er the sun sinks far in the west
To sing of our Green Mountain College,
The noblest, the fairest,
The best.
We've praised Lake Champlain,
Of Mansfield we've sung,
And told of their beauties to men ;
Now we'll sing out in notes more triumphant to-
night*

*The glories of dear U. V. M.
All hail to our Green Mountain College,
Forever we'll cherish thy name ;
We'll sing of thy glory now and evermore,
Thou dear old U. V. M.*

William Watkins Griffiths.





"The Swimmint' Hole."

■

1

Vermont Verse.

A collection of verse chiefly
by the Undergraduates of
Vermont University. ❁ ❁

Chosen by *his*
Russell W.^o Taft, ,
Of the Class of '98.

ST. ALBANS, VT.
WALLACE-CUMMINGS PRINTING CO.
1898.

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R. W. TAFT.

① 4 5 6 7 8 9

TO

The Alumni of the U. V. M.

136138

OUR COLORS.

*Harvard may shout both long and loud
For her banner's crimson hue ;
And Yale may give her three times three
For the bonnie flag of blue.
Let Princeton roar allegiance
To the tiger's orange black,
And the red and white of fair Cornell
May send the challenge back.
But let us all be loyal
As were our sires of old
And shout with them for the U. V. M.
For the dark green and the gold.*

Ralph Aldace Stewart.

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Vermont Verse.

A Reverté.

Its rather odd to sit and read
The books men wrote in other years,
Quaint with old-fashioned sentiment
And full of bursting tears,
For then they told of chivalry
And love and all that sort of trash,
But that's been done with long ago
And now-a-days its cash.
And yet I almost wish sometimes
That I had lived in days gone by,
Ere love was grown impractical
And sentiment a lie.
And sometimes in my dreams I think
That I will stop a little while
To think of chivalry and things,
When I have made my pile.

John Edward Colburn.

To Sleep.

O Sleep, when folded in thine arms I lie,
And pillowing my head on thy dark breast,
Whatever form thou takest seems most fair,
All ways I love thee best.

Whether thou sittest silently all night
Laying cool hands upon my weary eyes,
Whether thou croonest vague, sweet melodies
Until the morning rise,

Or, like a mother to a restless child,
Weavest me some quaint legend out of naught,
Until my rest, sweet in forgetfulness,
Is sweeter still for thought,

Still dost thou enter like a welcome guest
Who knocks not, being certain that the door
Is wide, and that he cometh each new time
More welcome than before.

John Edward Colburn.

A Sermon.

You say that hearts are trumps, dear,
But its only at cards that it's so ;
In the world, in life and in love, dear,
It wouldn't be fair, you know.

For hearts are such tender things, dear,
And they break so easily, too ;—
So I think that I wouldn't play hearts, dear,
If I were you. *Mattie Elizabeth Spafford.*

To a Pen-Tray.

Gem of metal-worker's art,
Purchased in some foreign mart ;
Filigree as fine as lace,
Breathing southern art and grace
And a nameless elegance,
That betokens thee from France :
Thou dost scorn, me-thinks, to hold
Paltry pens, though they be gold.
Yet why thus bemoan thy fate,
Though compelled with pens to mate ?
Graceful toy, dost thou not know
That those pens might deal a blow
At injustice and abuse,
Like a thunderbolt of Zeus ?
They, before to-morrow night,
May have brought mankind delight ;
Or anathemas have hurled,
And electrified the world.

Ernest Albee.

My Pony, O.

(May Burns forgive me.)

Up on my shelf, where learned books
 Stare at me grim and stony, O ;
 There beams on me, with kindly looks
 My plump and sturdy pony, O.

Whilst lamp burns dim, and eyeballs ache
 At conning lines so many, O,
 From that high shelf I long to take
 My willing little pony, O.

I think of eyes that on me shone,
 And hair that is so bonnie, O ;
 My task, whilst thinking, lies undone,—
 I'll have to use my pony, O.

I caught a glance that happy night,
 Her smile was sweet as honey, O ;
 This lesson now I'll finish quite,
 For I'm astride my pony, O.

* * * * *

Next day, Professor said to me
 " Your reading sounds quite Bohn-y, O ;
 Between the lines I plainly see
 The foot-prints of a pony, O."

Edward Gove Randall.

No Use — The Deuce!

We stood beneath the mistletoe
But I didn't even try
To kiss her ruby lips, e'en though
We stood beneath the mistletoe,
For I'm so deuced short, you know,
I couldn't reach so high,
We stood beneath the mistletoe
But I didn't even try.

Edward Dinwoodie Strickland.

Ballade.

Not while I live will I grieve you, sweet,
And not while I live would I have you know
How my spirit went forth your spirit to greet
When stricken sore I was lying low,
And the grim death bell was stern and slow,
When a longing laid hold on my soul and I said
"O to see her once more, or ever I go,
For what can it matter when one is dead?"
Then a voice in my fantasy seemed to meet
Mine ear from afar with a birdlike flow,
And I caught the sound of hastening feet
And laughed, and remembered no more my woe;

Your voice, *your* step long, long ago,
Grown strange as a thought of a day long fled ;
—If they stirred my heart with a rapturous
throe,

Why, what can it matter when one is dead ?

And I saw your face as of old replete
With its dawnlike beauty, its rose and snow,
And my sick heart roused to a joyous beat
'Till I felt the blood in my thin cheeks glow,
And the light of your eyes was in mine and, oh,
On my lips so white were your lips so red,
For I pleaded, nay, let it this once be so,
For what can it matter when one is dead ?

L'ENVOI.

Not while I live, but at last I trow
No evil, if over my fallen head
This song at your feet I bid them throw ;
—For what can it matter when one is dead ?

William Henry Bliss.

Sonnet.

I rose the other morn and all the world,
Which but the day before was bleak and bare
With shivering form exposed to frosty air,
A glistening mantle white had round it furled.

A cloudless sky, toward which the smoke up
curled

From every farmhouse chimney, made more
bright

The gleaming beauty of the snow-fields white,
While in the air a few stray flakes still whirled.

Do we not hope that when we trembling stand

Before the vale through which we fear to go

In helpless nakedness, a slumber blest

Shall soothe our fears until we reach the land

Where, clad in glorious beauty pure as snow,

We wake to peace and everlasting rest ?

Edward Gove Randall.

An Unkind Cut.

Ye Senior hath a chapel cut,

He hideth in his lair ;

Ye Junior hath a razor cut

And much dishevelled hair ;

Ye Sophie in his cutaway

Doth on the campus prance ;

But ye Freshie hath the shortest cut

'On the bottom of his pants.

George Pomeroy Anderson.

A Ballad.

" My dearest ! my dearest ! the night is growing
late ;

The way's in doubt, the wolves are out, the
wind is at the gate !

In all the reeling forest no gleam of light to
see !

Come down the stair, my lady fair, unbar the
door for me ! "

The bower-maids in the chamber they combed
their ruddy hair,

The walls were bright with yellow light from
tapers burning fair,

The flames from the fagots flared up the chim-
ney wide,

And while they spoke their laughter broke from
lips of crimson pride.

Up started the lady : " I heard a cry of pain
Upon the wind that rushes blind with driven
leaves and rain !

Oh hearken my maidens ; I heard a voice, I
know,

And hand that beat the outer gate that flanks
the bridge below ! "

"Nay, rest you my lady; 'twas but the wild
winds cry,
Or bat's shrill squeak or owlets' shriek that
passed the window by,
And tremble not my lady; it was no knock at all,
But flapping bird whose wings you heard or rat
within the wall."

The flames from the fagots flared up the chimney wide;
The embers broke, and whirls of smoke spun
red with sparks inside.
The wind from the woodland made war upon
the keep;
But one by one the maids are gone; the place is
locked in sleep.

O lady! my lady! what dream is this that comes
To scare your sleep at midnight deep when wide
the spirit roams?

And lady! my lady! what sight is this to see;
This man that rides, and these besides that follow
stealthily?

Oh look not my lady! they gain upon him fast;
He looks not back; along his track the trees go
reeling past.

And gaze not my lady; the tale is well nigh
said,

The creatures grim leap up at him. Their jaws
are dripping red.

O lady, my lady, they fight above the prey
With snarl and leap; a struggling heap of bodies
lean and grey.

And see you not, my lady, their snapping fangs
and eyes,

And how at day they slink away, with each his
red wet prize?

The flames from the fagots die out in ashes white;
The clouds are blown, the leaves are strown;
dim breaks the morning light.

Oh lady, my lady, come down unbar the gate;
None knocketh there; none cryeth there: 'tis
opened all too late.

John Edward Colburn.

Mutable femina.

A lass, alas, is often false!
Of faults the maid is made;
So waste no time about her waist—
Though stayed, she is not staid.

Edward Dinwoodie Strickland.

Bells of Dreamland.

Out into a mystic ocean,
Peal their notes so softly deep,
 Ringing out their sweetest measure,
 Rhyming out their brightest pleasure
To the souls of those who sleep.

See the fairy skiffs advancing,
Hear the boatman's happy song,
 On the coral rocks resounding,
 From the cavern's crest rebounding,
As they gladly glide along.

Carl Boright Dunn.

Cradle Song.

Bye, baby, bye low, soft be thy slumber,
 All the world round thee so peacefully lies,
Like far-away watch fires the stars without num-
 ber
 Twinkle and gleam o'er thy sleep-closed eyes.
Down in the grasses chirps the young katydid,
 Fire-flies their lanterns are setting aglow,
Deep in the flower cup quaint little elves are hid,
 Soft sing the breezes that over thee blow.

Skiping and dancing adown the bright moon-
beams,

Gay little sprites come with silvery horns,
Blowing upon thee from Fairyland sweet streams
Of music like that of its rose-tinted morns.

So, little sleeper, dream on till the morrow's
First golden sunbeams over thee creep ;
Naught to thee now are its joys or its sorrows,
Wrapped in the dew-covered mantle of Sleep.

Leon Ernest Daniels.

Life.

It is a fashion in these days to sing
That life is bitter and a weary thing,
Among the guild of poets. All is pain.
Woefully, the slow months wax and wane,
And I, who am the least, and meritless,
May not gainsay it. Life is weariness.

And yet, when all the splendor of the light
Clothes the fair hills, and the whole earth is
bright

With the new garments of the youthful year,
And never branch is dead nor leaf is sere
It almost seems—and yet it cannot be—
They know—and I am blind and may not see.

Aye, life is bitter, and a weary thing,
And the fair sights and sounds that to me bring
Thoughts of life's sweetness, of life's joy and
light,

Are but deceits that trick my careless sight
And mind—Ah yes! and yet to me so good,
Methinks I would not change them if I could.

Frank Preston Brown.

"I Know a Maid."

I know a maid—
Ah, how can I my self-set task complete?—
So wondrous fair,—
With all the Graces' storied charms replete.
Her dimpled cheek,
Where rests the freshness of the new-blown rose,
Defies the highest skill the painter knows.
Her shining hair
In twists and coils that seem of burnished gold,
Is deftly laid.
Her eyes, rare, precious gems of price untold,
Can all but speak,
And tell her meaning in a single glance.
Her rosy lips,

Whence bees, I ween, would gladly take the
 chance,
 In honeyed sips
To quaff their fill, and then in drunken bliss
 Fly home again,
Seem shaped for naught less gentle than a kiss.
The marble of her throat and brow are whiter far
 Than winter's snow.
 To her might men
In homage bow, save that one fault her all doth
 mar—
She—well, hang it all, she—she giggles so !
 George Wyllys Benedict.

Life in Death.

A poet lived amid a throng,
 Which heeded not his plaintive lays ;
 And long and lonely were his days,
But godlike was his gift of song.
And ages after, nations wept
 O'er griefs his towns-folk had not known ;
 And cities claimed him for their own
Through which, a beggar, he had crept.
 James Buckham.

By the Sea.

The day is over ; sunk to rest
The fair sun hath gone down in golden rays
Of glory in the west ;
And over all the land rests dewy Peace
That with her gentle fingers
Dispels the light that lingers
On the sea.

The great waves break upon the shore ;
Long days and nights from where the sun hath
set
They come, and evermore
They break and die upon the sand, and yet
They die with gentle laughter,
Pass into the hereafter
Singing low.

Yea, from this desolate land
I gaze upon the west, where last the great
Sun set, and on the sand,
And wonder if the cold dark hand of Fate
Will chase away the sorrows
Of numberless to-morrows
After Death.

Chauncey Marsh Goodrich.

Triplet.

Live while life is given
Ere the night comes on,
Wooing us to heaven.
Live while life is given
Ere the ties be riven
And our life be done.
Live while life is given
Ere the night comes on.

Edward Dinwoodie Strickland.

Cave Canem.

Jack was a mascot terrier
Within whose furry frieze
There chanced to dwell a colony
Of antiquated fleas.
And to gratify emotions
He round and round would go
In circling course if thus he might
Surprise the wary foe.
He failed to regulate his speed ;
His fate was but to fail,
For still an interval remained
'Twixt head and end of tail.

Still faster round ; attempts were vain ;
His body scarce did show ;
'Twas all in vain, and soon the cur
Dropped dead from vertigo.

The moral, College men, is this :
If you are sharp and " fleet,"
Yet pray go slow, lest you too fail
In making both ends meet.

Frank Lee Dunham.

The Professor.

(To N. F. M.)

Who is it makes our life so hard,
And doth our peace of mind bombard,
Flunking us when we're off our guard ?

Professor.

Who gives us lectures hours long,
And if we get them slightly wrong,
Next day descends upon us, strong ?

Professor.

Who gets us up to be exam'ed ?
And says, "'Tis useless to have crammed,
For aught I care, flunk and be ——."

Professor.

James Dewey Benedict.

Song.

White shoon my lady weareth,
And silken hosen fine,
And under the feet of my lady sweet
The waxen floorings shine.

Her hand is on my shoulder,
My arm is at her waist,
And the music plays and the lights are ablaze,
We tread the measure in haste.

O love! it is but a moment!

O love! it is for aye!

And thou and I on the music fly,
And the rest are far away.

John Edward Colburn.

The Voices of the Night.

The perfect summer day at last
Is drawing to its close,
The sun has kissed the hills good-night
And sunk to his repose,
The fragrant dew has spread abroad
A coolness everywhere,
And from the vale the tinkling brook
Sends music to the ear.

The earth 's asleep. The sun's last rays
Sink slowly out of sight,
And o'er the hill kind Nature wraps
The mantle of the night.
The earth 's asleep. The stars light up
The firmament on high,
And peacefully the silver moon
Mounts up the eastern sky.
Ah, ye mysterious shades of night !
Ye endless depths of blue !
What spirits wander, all unseen,
Your halls of darkness through,
What friends that long have dwelt above,
What angels fair and bright,
May join in hidden chords to swell
The voices of the night ?

Frank Roland Jewett.

Ode to a Wild Rose.

Wild rose the mountain above him,
Wild roes upon it were leaping,
Wild rows of potatoes grew there,
Wild rows the boatman beneath it.

Henry Augustus Torrey

James Dewey Benedict.

Love's Echo.

To — —

My heart is like an ocean shell,
Far from its loved retreat,—
Still echoing through its winding cell
The waves sing, soft and sweet.

Belovéd, thus, within my heart,
Your voice still whispers low,—
And of my very life a part,
It bids me onward go.

It bids me nobly live and true,
Through faith in God above,
That I may worthy be of you,
And worthy of your love.

Edward Dinwoodie Strickland.

The Violin.

In a wood in sunny Italy
A sycamore once grew ;
The sun shone on it balmily,
The breezes through it blew,
The night wind sang sweet lullabies
As it slept in forest shade,
And in the day the happy birds
On its swinging branches swayed.

The storms that sometimes swept its top
While thunders rent the sky
Made music such as fiends might make
In fearful revelry.

But the old tree loved the singing birds,
It loved the tempest's might,—
Anon the woodman laid it low,
And old scenes passed from sight.

A violin with mighty voice
Obeys its master's will ;
We hear the storm go shrieking by,
The very air seems chill.

Then softly sings the sycamore
A sweet, sad melody,
As back its soul regretful turns
To sunny Italy.

Edward Gove Randall.

That's So!

" Hanged by the neck until dead,"
We read in the papers each night,
" A good man gone wrong," it is said ;
'Twere better, " A bad man gone right."

Frederic Fuller Lincoln.

Lines.

The evening sunset never seemed
So much like molten gold ;
The rose that bloomed for us to-day
Was fairer than the old ;
The music that we heard to-night
Was sweeter than of yore ;
The face that caught our fancy last
Was equalled ne'er before.

Ralph Aldace Stewart.

A Base Ball Romance.

The star first-baseman wooed a maid
Extremely fair to see,
" My heart strikes out for you," he said,
" I pray thee fly with me."
" Oh ! that's a fair hit," she replied,
(He felt the game at stake)
" But he who scores 'gainst love like mine,
Some sacrifice must make."
He saw his error then, and took
A short stop, but too late.
She'd heard the tea-bell ring, and made
A home run for the plate.

Frederic Fuller Lincoln.

I Know a Little Maiden.

I know a little maiden white,
With lips so red and eyes so bright,
And oh ! she is my heart's delight,
This dainty little maiden.

I would wide shining wings had I,
Then with my love away I'd fly
To some fair isle with sunny sky,
And all with blossoms laden.

There never would we two be old,
Nor ever should our hearts grow cold,
But love in softest chains should hold
And close and closer bind us ;
Time should forget to turn his glass,
And when we saw Death's shadow pass
We'd hide together in the grass,
And he should never find us.

John Edward Colburn.

Song.

The year is dead and my hopes are gone,
Into the twilight drifting ;
The light that I steered for never was won,
And the wind was forever shifting.

Over a ruddy sea,
Away to a distant land,
Far, far from thee,
Far from the touch of thy hand,
Loving I lost, losing I die,
Murmur, ye waves, as the winds go by,
Sing, O waves, where the foam-streaks lie ;
Sing low a lullaby,
Lullaby.

Oh, dear dead days of jesting and song,
Days that were full of pleasure ;
I pray for the end as once, long ago,
For kisses in dreamy waltz-measure.
Chauncey Marsh Goodrich.

An Episode.

She was short, brunette—and pretty,
And I *thought* she smiled at me ;
So, when I had passed the maiden
I looked back again to see,
But a bit of icy sidewalk
My unwary feet beguiled,
And this time I did not *think* it ;
I *knew* the maiden smiled.
Edward Dinwoodie Strickland.

A Mystery Solved.

On a class-room seat sat a senior Co-ed,
And she wiggled and sniggled and giggled.
"Oh Susy, what ails you?" I despairingly
said,
"That you wiggle and sniggle and giggle.
"Have you seen in the CYNIC an irresist-
ible joke?
"Or have you received in the ribs a sly
poke?
"For your face is so red that I fear you
will choke
"As you wiggle and sniggle and giggle."

Said she, "The reason you never can guess,"
And she wiggled and sniggled and giggled,
"My mirth all in vain have I tried to suppress,
"So I wiggle and sniggle and giggle.
"The man who just spoke mispronounced
a word,
"'Twas the queerest mistake that ever I
heard,
"I really must laugh, 'twas so very
absurd."—
And she wiggled and sniggled and giggled.

A moment in silence I doubtingly sat,
While she wiggled and sniggled and giggled ;
But the joke overwhelmed me, and seizing my
hat

I wiggled and sniggled and giggled.

I rushed to my room with feverish haste,
And penned these few lines to give you a
taste

Of the jokes upon which these Co-eds waste
Their wiggles and sniggles and giggles.

The Heroes of the Maine.

Ye men of the Maine now lying
Where the ocean breezes blow,
In that curs'ed harbor dying
At the hand of a hidden foe.

Though you struck no blow before you,
Though your bright swords showed no stain,
This word shall be graven o'er you :
" They did not die in vain."

The message for which you listen
Our cannon shall put in words,
And tears for you shall glisten
In the light of circling swords.

The memory of your anguish
A rescued race shall keep,
And their gratitude forever
Shall sweeten your endless sleep.

Your monument all glorious
A nation new shall stand,
In Freedom robed, victorious,
With Justice's sword in hand.

And at her feet in fragments
The tyrant's broken chain,
God rest you, murdered sailors,
You did not die in vain !

Wellington Esty Aiken.

"Gin a Body."

Gin a body meet a body,
Each one's throat is dry.
Gin one body mix some toddy,
T'other brings some rye.

Soon each fellow feels quite mellow,
Spirits running high ;
Morning comes,—these jolly bums
Hold their heads and sigh.

Edward Gove Randall.

Myself.

A little island of the middle sea
Wave-beaten ceaselessly.
The ocean rivers ebb and flow,
They change, but why I do not know,
Nor whence they come, nor where they go,
Only that on my shore they throw
 Strange bits of driftwood from an unknown
 strand ;
 Carvings I cannot understand,
 For what use made or by what hand,
Or where the isles from whence they come may
 be ;
Only that underneath the sea
Lies the firm earth connecting them and me.

John Edward Colburn.

The Usual Way.

'Twas March twenty-first which the almanac
 says
Is the advent of beautiful Spring,
And the poet felt called on, in smooth-flowing
 rhythm,
Some lines on the season to sing.

He spoke of the musical chirp of the birds
And the babbling of each little brook,
How the world was awak'ning to throb with new
 life ;

Then his way to the printer's he took.

He waded through snow drifts full six feet in
 depth,

He slipped on the ice in the street,
He froze both his ears for his cap blew away
Ere he managed to get on his feet.

Then that poet was wroth and he tore up the song
With its lines that read smoothly together,
And swore that the almanac was but a fraud ;
Hereafter he'll go by the weather.

Frederic Fuller Lincoln.

When the Tide is Low.

The waves reach lovingly out to the sands
 When the tide is low ;
Gentle the touch of their tremulous hands,
 As they restlessly ebb and flow.
Full many a shell whose rainbow hue
 Is softened and toned by the ocean's blue,
Do they bring to the wanderer's raptured view
 When the tide is low.

And the old, old mem'ries, they beckon to me
When the tide is low.
As my bark glides over the evening sea,
And the winds of the haven blow ;
But *one* sweet, fond voice from the clust'ring
throng,
Unvexed, unmoved by my sin and wrong
Calls back to me like an angel's song
When the tide of life is low.

Leon Ernest Daniels.

Epigram.

(From the French.)

The world is but a comic play
Where each one takes a different part,
There on the stage in costume gay
Shine prelates ; generals show their art ;
While we, vile people, sit below,
A futile herd of no account,
For us the actors come and go,
We pay to them a small amount,
And when the farce provokes no mirth
We hiss to get our money's worth.

Russell Wales Taft.

The Soul's Awakening.

I pressed mine ear close to the warm, brown
earth,

And heard the myriad tiny stirrs of life—
Seeds bursting, and the manifold soft strife
Of groping roots, and things just come to birth
Pressing the loam aside. And, in the dearth
Of green, each little folded leaf seemed rife
With beauty and the promise of new life,
A wealth of hope beyond all Summer's worth.

And seeds which I had treasured long ago
Within my breast, long withered up and dry,
Swelled with the moisture of the melting snow
And frost of doubt; and under faith's clear
sky,

There woke in each the spirit of the Spring,
And all my heart prepared for blossoming.

John Edward Colburn.

Twilight in August.

Voices of dusk, from hay-field and thicket,
Sweetly your evening-chord burdens the air;
Grasshopper, katy-did, swamp-frog and cricket,
Chant ye of summer and freedom from care.

" Well done ! " ye sing to the weary-armed
reaper,

After his last fragrant swath low is laid,
And through the dream of his babe, cherub-
sleeper,

Float the soft airs of your long serenade.

Do ye not weary with nightly resounding ?

Do ye not envy the lark's morning lay ?

" No, for the Maker in wisdom abounding

Bade us make song while the light fades
away."

Thus with no tone of Earth's pain and vexation,

Charming the hour that mortals love best,

Rises the night-hymn of lowly creation

When the sun sinks in his cloud-robe to rest.

Henry Jennings Kilbourn.

H Crib.

There once was a hook-nosed old Colonel,

Who went down to regions infolonel ;

So had had he been,

And so given to seen,

He was punished with fire etolonel.

(From the Evening Jolonel.)

The Thingumbob.

(A Pastel.)

The Thingumbob sat at eventide,
On the shore of a shoreless sea,
Expecting an unexpected attack
From something it could not foresee.

A still calm rests on the angry waves,
The low wind whistles a mournful tune
And the Thingumbob sighs to himself "Alas,
I've had no supper now since noon."

My Kingdom.

My Kingdom is my Darling's face,
And these the boundaries I trace ;
The North, her forehead fair
As Day.
Beyond, a wilderness of golden hair
Where sunbeams play
At Hide and Seek.
Each rosy cheek
The sunlit East, the sunlit West ;
Her little mouth
The sunny South,
The South that I love best.

Her eyes, two mirrored lakes of blue,
Daintily fringed,
Reflecting now the violets hue,
Now with the heaven-kissed harebell tinged.
Her smile my Day, her frown my Night.
The dimples in her cheek and chin
Are snares which Love, the merry wight,
Hath set for me,—
And see
How willingly I'm fallen in.

Sleep.

God bless the man who first invented sleep,—
Saxe.

Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care ;—
Shakspeare.

By Siloa's brook or Almotana's deep,—*Hemans.*
Earth has not anything to show more fair,—
Wordsworth.

After deluding hopes and dire despair.—*William*
Walsh.

The Oreads and Hamadryades,—*Shelley.*
Who chain blind youths in trammels of their
hair,—*Greene.*

They sleep, they sleep beneath the rocking
trees.—*Oscar Wilde.*

Wilt thou forget me in that calmer sphere,—
L. C. Moulton.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night?—
Samuel Daniel.

With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear,—
Lord Byron.

The world obscures in me what once was bright ;
—*Longfellow.*

So in the light of great eternity,—*Tennyson.*

Sleep seems part of our immortality.—*P. J.
Bailey.*

Daniel Leavens Cady.

H Lyric.

Over the sea to me
The wild winds are bringing a song,
A song that ere long
My love will come singing along
The bright strand,
The strand
Where the sea's bearded rand
Is kissing the amorous land.

Softly a word is heard
'Twixt the lisping lips of the tide,—
The tide that will guide
My lover's white ships to abide
Here by me,
And my heart knows that he
Is singing of me out at sea.

Frank Preston Brown.

El Aura.

(From the Spanish of M. de Velacio.)

I sleep within the buds of flowers ;
Unfelt, caress the maiden's brow.
The perfume sweet of human life,—
Its innocence, too,—are my dowers.
Dew-drops which light with fire so fine
The mead, are jewels of my crown.
To artists inspiration give ;
The poet's laurels, too, are mine.
'Mid clouds of opal hues above,
From throne ethereal I reign ;
And if an angel's sigh I hear
To earth I come on wings of love.

Otis Warren Barrett.

The Hurdy-Gurdy Man.

I tramp about the streets all day,
I dine on crust I sleep on hay,
I'm sick of all the tunes I play,—

A lonely Hurdy-Gurdy Man.
I grind in rain, I grind in sun,
From early morn till day is done,
But pennies somehow seem to shun
The Hurdy-Gurdy Man.

I play before the rich man's door,
The footman tells me I'm a bore,
And says that I must play no more ;
" Be off, you Hurdy-Gurdy Man ! "

I'm turned away from everywhere,
Unkindness always is my share
And no one seems for me to care,
The Hurdy-Gurdy Man.

But there are some whom I have found
Who meet me with a joyous bound ;
The children join and dance around
The jolly Hurdy-Gurdy Man.

I love to watch the merry dears
To whose pure hearts I bring no fears ;
Their gladness wets my cheek with tears,—
A Hurdy-Gurdy Man !

Old Hurdy-Gurdy, you and I
Will not be missed much when I die ;
Your voice is cracked, although you try
 To serve your Hurdy-Gurdy Man.
But now you're sadly out of tune,
It is our lives' late afternoon,
And I'll stop grinding pretty soon ;—
 Old Hurdy-Gurdy Man.

Edward Gove Randall.

A Student's Tribute to Whittier.

At sunset, through the country burying-ground,
After the great and reverent throng have
 passed,
I, a lone student, come to lay a wreath
At the dark door that Whittier entered last.
Long, silently I look,—he sleepeth well—
But oh, 'tis mournful that the damp and gloom
Must hold him here through all remaining time!
 'Tis like, 'tis like the victory of the tomb.
Yet hark, through all the glorious crimson air
Of waning day, amid the trees and urns,
A voice, the echo of his parting strain
Who singeth now where God's pure throne-
 light burns :

*" The evening wind is sad with farewells,
And loving hands unclasp from mine ;
Alone I go to meet the darkness
Across an awful boundary-line.*

*I shrink from unaccustomed glory
I dread the myriad voiced strain ;
Give me the unforgotten faces,
And let my lost ones speak again.*

*No fitting ear is mine to listen
An endless anthem's rise and fall ;
No curious eye is mine to measure
The pearl gate and the jasper wall.*

*Forgive my human words, O Father !
I go Thy larger truth to prove ;
Thy mercy shall transcend my longing :
I seek but love, and Thou art Love ! "*

Harper and friend,
Thy songs have end.
No more that peaceful landscape from the hill,
With fields of green
And river's sheen,
With stately trees
And herds at ease
Shall e'er thy soul with sweet home-rapture fill.

The awful gloom,
The distant boom
Of cannon cease ; the groan of scourgéd men,
The clank of chains,
The blood-got gains,—
All, all are o'er,
Their shame no more
Shall wake the righteous lightning of thy pen.

The gown and book,
The long, deep look
Into the lore of ages were not thine,
But great in heart
More wise thou art
Than we, who scan with care the classic line.

Oh, may we learn
Like thee to burn
In quenchless indignation at the wrong ;
And through the strife
And storm of life
To keep conviction's beacon clear and strong.
Henry Jennings Kilbourn.

To My Valentine.

The moon gleams softly from above,
I hardly dare to speak my love
For stars are listening as they shine,
To all I say, my Valentine.

The air breathes forth a gentle sigh,
As soft, the South wind tip-toes by,
And softly whispers—"she is mine,
My own beloved Valentine."

Forever stay on earth, O night!
Forever shine, O stars of light!
Forever sigh winds—"she is mine,"
—My own—my love—my Valentine.

Mittie Philena Skinner.

The Only Way Out.

If I were but a Presbyterian maid,
And you a heterodox young man like me,
And unelected, as I'm sure to be,
And I were only half as much afraid—
Mark you, were I one-half as much dismayed
As you should feel, to think with what grim
glee
They'll stew me in some devilish fricassee,

To balance my account of sins unpaid ;
If that odd transfer might but come about,
And you be I awhile, and I be you,
Sooner than see you put upon the shelf
With those predestinatedly left out,
I'd buckle down and see what I could do,
By Jove, and I'd elect you all myself.

John Edward Colburn.

The flight of the Birds.

From out of my window at close of day,
I saw in the glow of the setting sun
Two feathered things in russet and gray
A-wing for the southlands, far away,
Flying slow o'er the uplands dun.
And the god of day, like Midas of old,
Touched their flying forms and they turned to
gold.

And I thought as I watched them fade from sight
In the west on the far horizon's rim,
That something, long-cherished, pure and bright,
Had gone with them on their wings of light
And left all dark and dim ;
But I knew that the sound of the summer rain
Would call them back to the North again.

And our hopes fly away in the sunset glow
Like the birds in the Autumn haze,
The dearest and brightest, alike they go,
And why it is we may not know,
But we trust that in better days,
In a fairer light and a softer air
They'll return fulfilled, sometime, somewhere.
Leon Ernest Daniels.

"O Ye fair Women."

O ye fair women that die and forsake us ;
Has the earth any gain from the treasure ye
lavished ?
Is there some sweet return for your loss she will
make us ;
For the red and the white and the gold she
has ravished ?
Is it gone, is it waste, all the light of your tresses ;
The soft speech, the laughter, the sound of
your singing ;
The touch of your hands like the light wind's
caresses,
The whisper your gowns used to make in their
swinging ?

O ye dead women, has all of you perished,
Or somewhere deep down in the earth's hid-
ing-places
Are ye hidden and kept, are ye treasured and
cherished,
To be rendered again in new forms and new
faces?

Is it you, is it you, the faint scent of the summer?
Is it you, the low whisper of winds in their
going,
The song of the swallow, the swift spring-time
comer,
The gold of the grain ready-ripe for the
mowing?

Is it your steps that the wanton brook follows?
Your touch, the cool brush of the leaves as
we pass them,
Going down the dim aisles into shadowy-hollows?
Earth! what of these treasures—that thou
didst amass them?

O Earth, render back all the treasure they
lavished;
The soft speech, the laughter, the sound of
their singing;

The red and the white and the gold thou hast
ravished ;
The whisper their gowns used to make in their
swinging.

John Edward Colburn.

Under The Mistletoe.

She sat in the deep old casement
And watched the daylight fade ;
She was spending her sixteenth Christmas,
This fair little English maid,—
And she pictured a splendid romance
Like the tales of long ago,
While she twined in the lace above her
A spray of mistletoe.
The last clouds slowly vanish,
Until through the window slips
A beam of golden sunlight,
That touches her saucy lips.
No more will she wait a lover
Or his tender greeting miss
For one has come in the twilight
And stolen a Christmas kiss.

Ralph Aldace Stewart.

To a Musician.

Sleep well ; thy slender fingers now are still
Which once did sweep the snow-white magic
keys,
Unfolding there sweet hidden melodies
While I forgot, with soul athrill,
Time, place, grief, pain, all things for love of
these.

This life's brief course too quickly run,
A richer life may thy free spirit find,
New hope at length and destiny more kind ;
Or, if with death all things are done,
I pray that thou sleep well, care left behind.

Frederic Fuller Lincoln.

Wordsworthian Reminiscence.

I walked and came upon a picket fence,
And every picket went straight up and down,
And all at even intervals were placed,
All painted green, all pointed at the top,
And every one inextricably nailed
Unto two several cross beams, which did go
Not as the pickets but quite otherwise,
And they two crossed, but back of all were posts.

O, beauteous picket fence, can I not draw
Instruction from thee? Yea, for thou dost teach,
That even as the pickets are made fast
To that which seems all at cross purposes,
So are our human lives, to the Divine,
But Oh, not purposeless, for even as they
Do keep stray cows from trespass, we no doubt
Together guard some plan of Deity.

Thus did I moralize and from the beams
And pickets drew a lesson to myself,
But where the posts came in, I could not tell.
John Edward Colburn.

"Tu ne Quæsieris."

Strive not to know what end for thee and me
The gods have fixed, Lenconoe; 'tis not well.
Seek not in magian charms thy fate to spell
But take and bear it whatsoe'er it be:
Whether they give long years to me and thee,
Or whether this same hour the tale shall tell;
This hour which wears the rocks beneath the
swell
And windy tumult of the Tuscan sea.

Be wise ; pour out the wine ; for life's brief hour
Hath little room for lasting hope or fear ;
E'v'n while we speak old age is drawing near.
Come, seize the day that lies within our power,
As for to-morrow, what it brings of cheer
We know not, nor what blackening storm may
lour.

John Edward Colburn.

An Old-Time Dance.

The little lady in lavender
She dances the minuet ;
And the by-gone days are alive in her
And the past is fragrant yet.
As if one opened the long-shut drawer
Where old-time treasures lay ;
The satin slippers that grandma wore,
The gown of her wedding day ;
And the faint, soft scent of the lavender
Should breathe from the silken fold
As in days when grandfather's blood would stir
Ere grandmamma yet was old.
Sweet perfume clings to a faded rose,
And the olden dance is sweet

To remember ; the stately pause and pose,
The tread of the stately feet ;
But the little lady in lavender,
With her soft glance sidewise cast,
The present is fair as a rose in her
And sweeter than all the past.

John Edward Colburn.

To a Band of Blue.

Ah, dainty, silken band of blue,
How fondly memory lingers,
As idly now I toy with you
And twirl you round my fingers.
When came the gentle summer wind
With unforbid caresses,
Thy happy lot, perchance, to bind
The sunbeams 'midst her tresses.
Bright bit of blue, 'twas thine, I wis,
With touch of dewy lightness
To nestle to her throat and kiss
Its pure, sweet, lily whiteness.
Thrice favored of the gods thou wert,
And favored of my sweet one,
If thou didst circle round and girt
So small a waist and neat one.

But ah, round none of these, I know,
Thou rested, ribbon dainty ;
Else why this neatly fashioned bow,
This buckle chased so quaintly ?

Edward Dinwoodie Strickland.

The Belles.

See the pretty, graceful belles,—
Charming belles !
What a world of misery their witchery dispels !
How they smile, and pout, and chatter,
All the merry hours of night ;
While their graces you will flatter,
And to winds your prudence scatter,
As you bask in glances bright ;
Keeping time, time, time,
To the swaying waltz whose rhyme,
With its whirl intoxicates you, while your heart
within you swells,
And your soul in rapture soaring in the
seventh heaven dwells,
Till your head is turned completely by the cap-
tivating spells of the belles, the charm-
ing belles,
The winsome belles.

Edward Gove Randall.

The Mission Bells.

O'er peaceful fields when night is softly stealing
Sound faint the mission bells.

What boundless trust and faith and hidden feeling
Their simple music tells.

Like some dear voice at evening gently calling,
We catch their measured play,
Until at last in slower cadence falling,
They faint and die away.

Ralph Aldace Stewart.

Crib, Crib, Crib.

Crib, crib, crib,
On a dirty cuff, ah me !
And I would that my hand could fashion
The thoughts that from me flee.

O well for the farmer's boy,
That he studies while he may !
O well for the senior bold,
If poker he cannot play !

For the beastly grinds go on
Till the Profs. have had their fill ;
And I pray that I may wiggle through,
But I fear I never will.

Crib, crib, crib,
With a master-hand, ah me !
But those happy days before I was fired
Will never come back to me.

Ralph Aldace Stewart.

Unity.

I watched the sunlight dallying with the storm,
A white ray danced thro' billows thunder-riven;
It broke in splinters on the rain-drop's foam,
And wove in blended hues, the bow of heaven.
'Tis thus I mused—some angel-truth outleaping,
Oft links our earth-born fancies to the sky ;
And with our darker moods bright dalliance
keeping,

Weaves for the *soul* a bow of unity.

God is but one—no more each field and grove,
With mystic shrine, proclaims its deity ;
No more the sky resounds with bolts of Jove,
Or Neptune's trident shakes the wrathful sea.
O'er clouds of night, o'er realms with terrors
palled,

Where Isis' and Osiris' priests have trod,
A light breaks in—and nations disenthralled,
With raptures chant the unity of God.

The stone rolls back, and from her wintry tomb,
The dead earth wakes to joy and ceaseless
 strife ;
She calls—and, bursting from the prison womb,
Each flower renews the miracle of life.
Nature is one—I woke at midnight hour,
Her full-voiced choir attuned my heart to
 praise ;
Entranced I waited 'till an unseen power
Swept all her chords and woke their joyful
 lays.

Frank Preston Brown.

Alas.

 If it should be
 That I should prove an ass,
And fail at last of my degree,
Through some too hard exam. I might not pass,
What could I do in life without A. B. ?
 I'd let this college go to grass
 And sail as well life's sea
 Without that pass,
 You'd see,
 By G.

John Edward Colburn.

Song of the Dying Year.

The stars shine, tearless, overhead,
The icy winds, with eager tread,
Sweep coldly past my dying bed ;

I shudder at their breath.

Too soon, I know the Angelus bell,
That welcomed me with joyous swell
A year ago, will ring my knell.—

And none will mourn my death.

O, insincere, inconstant earth,
How gladly did you greet my birth !
I trusted in your friendship's worth,—

And now, alone, I die.

I freely gave you all my store
Inherited from years of yore,
And worked each hour to bring you more,
Without reproach or sigh.

With wistful gaze, my saddened eyes
Survey the future :—in surprise
And pain, I hear the scornful cries

Dividing me and mine.

They call me "Ignorance" and "Night,"
And yet I fought for truth and right,
My heart turned ever toward the light
In me that it might shine.

And now I go to join the years
Of ages past :—for midnight nears,—
Eternity, with hopes and fears,
Approaches close at hand.
I join the martyred years whose blood
Was shed in sacrifice for good.—
They, too, have been misunderstood
And they will understand.

Mittie Philena Skinner.

H Discovery.

The silent maiden, soul entranced,
Gazed at the western sky,
As the Sun, with flaming banners,
Waved back his last good-by.
But the college boy felt slighted,
Sitting beside her there,
So he shrugged his youthful shoulders,
Which ruffled up his hair.
And he muttered above his breath,
“ Behold, strange necromancy,
A star which keeps the world in place,
Can hold a woman’s fancy ! ”

May Aurelia Peck.

Stellae Caelorum.

When the stealthy evening shadows
Steal across the purple sky,
And the rosy glow of sunset
Seems to fade away and die ;
One by one the stars of heaven
Open up their eyes of gold,
Little eyes that have for ages
Watched and seen the world grow old.

As the darkness gathers thicker,
And the last faint gleam of light
Sinks behind the western mountains,
Leaving all the world to Night,
Twice ten thousand flashing diamonds
Light the welkin with their fires,
Shining softly down upon us,
As they shone upon our sires.

With a slow, majestic motion,
Gliding ever toward the West,
We may watch the constellations
Sinking to their bed of rest ;
In the East we see them rising,
Climbing up the slanting dome,
Hardly changed since Cæsar saw them
From the towers of ancient Rome.

Hardly changed since brave Aeneas,
Sailing for the promised land,
Steered his course by old Arcturus,
And Orion's sparkling band ;
Mirrored in Aegean waters
He beheld the Dog Star shine,
Perseus slayer of the Gorgon,
Bootes herder of the kine.

There they shine as when the Nomads,
On Arabia's desert plain,
Marked the ever-changing Algol
Darken, then flare up again ;
Hercules the mighty hunter,
Pegasus the flying steed,
With Andromeda the maiden
Whom the Zeus-born Perseus freed.

Thus they've shone for countless ages,
And perchance they'll still shine on
When the Earth, a mighty graveyard,
Circles round an icy sun ;
Plunging through the cold and darkness,
Onward to her unknown goal,
All her mighty fires extinguished,
Wrapped in ice from pole to pole.

James Campbell Hickey.

A Substitution.

I met a little maiden all in tears,
Who wept "Give back my heart to me, I pray,
For thou hast kept it now these many years,
And yet with naught at all dost thou repay."

So all among my treasures I 'gan seek
Her heart that for its lack she might be sad
No more. The while she stood with eyelids meek,
And lo, it was the dearest thing I had !

"Ah, little maid, thy heart hath grown so dear,
While all these years I knew it not," I said,
"I cannot give it to thee now, I fear ;
But wilt thou be content with mine instead?"

John Edward Colburn.

"The Swimmin' Hole."

Frollicking forth from the granite's breast
Flows the brook on its wanton way,
Now by the willow boughs caressed,
Singing its varied roundelay,
Now calmly flowing 'twixt banks of green,
Now prattling deep in the cool ravine,
'Till, pausing the quest of its distant goal
It broadens out in the "swimmin' hole."

Down from the farmhouse, laughing free,
Come the boys when the chores are done,
Shouting or singing carelessly,
Bubbling over with healthful fun ;
Over the pasture's springing soil
They seek reward for a day of toil
And the solace blest of the farmlad's soul—
A twilight dip in the "swimmin' hole."

Russell Wales Taft.

To the Mummy of Rameses the Great.

Thou withered husk of him that once hath sat
As king and god on fertile Egypt's throne,
How scans an eager world thy darkened face,
With sloping brow, and strong, imperious chin.

Men think in awe, as thou dost reappear,
"Is this the Pharaoh, at whose chariot-sound
The nations quaked, from Nile to Babylon ;
Whose acts are graven in the pillared wreck
Of Karnak, and whose shadow falls upon
The page of Exodus? It is none else."

About thy royal winding-sheet there clings
A breath of far off centuries, that are
Like distant mountain peaks, half lost in clouds.

What art thou in that veiled realm whereto
Monarch and nation are forever gone?
Methinks on wing of sable thou dost flit,
An angel from the lurid shore of Dis,
Circling the Earth, and when thy pinions pause
A wail goes up, a human soul is lost.

O Spirit stern—of him that once hath sat
As king and god, on fertile Egypt's throne—
Though ages pass thy heart is hardened still,
While through the ruin of thy palaces
Goeth the desert wind, and sayeth aye
“Pharaoh is but a noise, his time is passed.”

Henry Jennings Kilbourn.

Sonnet.

I sit behind her in the church and see
Her little ear, which like a rose-leaf blown,
And in the high grass fallen all alone,
Lies in her long hair hidden fairly.
The lights fall on her parted lips, and she
Joins in the many-voiced prayer, whose tone
Swells upward through the silence to God's
throne,
Past the great windows' carven tracery.

The chanting choir begins, the organ sounds,
The solemn canticle fills all the place,
And upward through the roof-tree's arching
gloom
It scales the darkness past earth's furthest
bounds.
Lo, how the worship deepens in her face.
I, too, am come to worship. Ah, but whom?
John Edward Colburn.

Love Like a Garden Is.

Love like a garden is,
Filled with a thousand flowers,
All sweet, all fair,—but one,
The queen of Flora's bowers.
Lover, I prythee, why?
It is a subtle thing!
Sought o' the honey-bird's tongue,
Sought o' the brown bee's wing.
Among the blossoms stand,
Or through the bowers rove,
And tell me why, and how,
This flower thou most dost love!
James Buckham.

The Nation's Dead.

No more is heard the musket's angry rattle,
The screech of bursting shell;
The noble sons, who fought the nation's battle
Have done their duty well.
No more is heard the tramp of armies falling,
Awakening wild alarms;
No beat of drum in time of danger calling,
Is summoning to arms.
Above their graves with tender grace uplifting,
The gentle daisies grow;
O'er field and wood with beauty ever shifting
The shadows come and go.
Forgotten now the martial pomp and splendor,
But still undimmed and true,
The nation's dead, in hearts forever tender
Still pass in grand review.

Ralph Aldace Stewart.

Rondeau.

Like little mice her tiny feet
Steal in and out beneath the neat
Laced edging of her petticoat,
As through the waltz she seems to float
To Strauss's sighing measures sweet.

How light, how dainty and how fleet
They seem in whitest kid complete
 With eyelets pink and silken throat,
 Like little mice.
And one unblest is fain to greet
Those wee tormentors and entreat
 That certain heartstrings he doth note
 From his lorn bosom not remote
They cease to rend and gnaw and eat
 Like little mice.

William Henry Bliss.

To Molly.

There was Sally, there was Prue,
 There were Dorothy and Polly ;
Now at last it comes to you,
 And indeed I love you, Molly.
Will it still be you next year ?
 Molly ! What a foolish question !
You'll love some one else, I fear,
 At the little god's suggestion.
Will it be that tall young man,
 Or your handsome city cousin,
Or the chap that visits Nan ?
 I ? Oh, I shall love a dozen.

Questioning some future day,
Trust me, is the sheerest folly ;
Why, next week is far away ;
And indeed I love you, Molly.

John Edward Colburn.

Commencement.

Joyous frivolity, laughter and jollity,
Strolls about town with a " Girl that I know ;"
Gay gowns and laces, merry young faces,
Couples in alcoves talking quite low.
Receptions and dances, tenderest glances
Or blue eyes that laugh as they look up at you ;
'Till, her arm on your shoulder, you feel a bit
bolder,
And stroll on the steps in spite of the dew.

A sheepskin diploma, a solemn aroma
Of learning forgot in your Sophomore year ;
Perhaps an oration :—" The Fate of the Nation,"
Written in haste now Commencement is here ;
This is the sum of it, who cares what come of it
So ye but dance while the springtide is here ?
Then it's up with frivolity, laughter and jollity ;
Hey for Commencement the Crown of the year !

Chauncey Marsh Goodrich.

To a Napoleon Curl.

Thou dainty little tress of softest brown,
That circling close dost woo with tend'rest
grace

The snowy brow of her whose naïve face
Hath smiled its image in my heart, deep down ;
And dost thou kiss away the faintest frown

From that fair forehead, dost thou gently
chase

Away each care and sorrow's merest trace
Till witching dimples all her blushes crown ?

Ah ! little curl, full rightly art thou named
Napoleon, for thou hast won my heart

And ta'en it captive for thy lady fair ;—
Yes, now I know 'twas Baby Cupid aimed,
Unerringly, his tiny golden dart

From out this ringlet of her waving hair.

Edward Dinwoodie Strickland.

Indian Summer.

I lay close-eyed where Autumn's golden snow
Fell from sere boughs that let the sunshine
through ;

Deep in the leaves I lay, and heard them go
Rustling like footsteps when the warm wind
blew.

Some glorious vintage trodden from the air
Drowned all the world in floods of golden wine;
The purple-visaged hills had drunk their share
And dreamed of Summer in the hazy shine.

It was as if the Summer, gone away,
Remembering one more dear one still to kiss,
Had turned ere yet too late, and come to say
Again, "Farewell." The wind was lisp-
ing this.

"Farewell" and yet again "Farewell" it
sighed.

But the trees whispered "Summer, come
again!"

And hoped. And all things clung to her, and
cried

"Go not," and half believed it not in vain.

What could one loved so else than smile? She
smiled,

She wept. What could one loved so else than
weep?

And yet she went, and like a little child

Bereft, the whole year mourned itself to sleep.

John Edward Colburn.

Ho, Little Sweetheart.

Ho, Little Sweetheart, how do you do ?
What has the world been doing for you ?
Has fortune been smiling upon you still,
Or have wayward winds been wafting you ill ?
Are the skies a bit gray, or the skies all blue ?
Ho, Little Sweetheart, how do you do ?

Ho, Little Sweetheart, how do you do ?
Are the days all sunshine, or only a few ?
Is your heart still singing a glad refrain,
Or do tear-drops dim your dear eyes again ?
Are your dreams but dreams, or do some come
true ;

Ho, Little Sweetheart, how do you do ?

Ho, Little Sweetheart, how do you do ?
Whisper the story so old,—so new ;
Tell me you love but me ; tell me you've missed
Lips that *your* lips have so tenderly kissed—
But keep it a secret between us two—
Ho, Little Sweetheart, how do you do ?

* * * * *

Ho, Little Sweetheart, how do you do ?
God's little keepsake beyond the deep blue ;

Gently He kissed thee and called thee to rest,
Nestled thee close to His own loving breast ;
God knew we loved thee but He loved thee too.
Ho, Little Sweetneart, how do you do ?

Edward Dinwoodie Strickland.

To An Old Guitar.

Alas ! to think that long ago,
Borne by some gay youth thro' Spanish streets,
On moonlit nights thou didst thy thrilling soul
pour forth
On quiv'ring heart-string, responsive struck
To notes of love ! To think how Southern beauty
lent its ear
To thy soft lay, that helped to plead a lover's
cause !—
What sweet caresses, ardent glances, hast thou
seen,
What plighted vows perchance hast heard,
That safe within thy faithful breast, in secret
kept,
Thou'lt ne'er disclose !
A chequered fortune must have been thy lot,
And many changes hast thou felt, I ween.
And now, forgotten, cast away, forlorn,

In piteous neglect dost still drag out thy joyless
life,

With not a string, a peg, nor any semblance of
thy former state.

In sooth thy latest master used thee ill

That oft was wont, before the glaring lights to
twang and pick,

And jibe and jest with well-worn joke,—

Star of an Ethiopian minstrel troupe !

George Wylls Benedict.

A Winter Meditation.

Circling down, the snowflakes spotless

Flutter noiselessly,

Cloaking all the world's dark form in

Radiant purity.

Trampling feet of hurrying thousands

Mingling in the mire of earth,

Steal away, alas, their beauty,

Soil the whiteness of their birth.

Thus our souls stand on Life's threshold

Clad in innocence,

Bearing from God's throne the light of

His beneficence.

But we meet in earth's dark pathways
Thronging forms of sin and woe,
Fainter grows the heavenly radiance,
Shame and sorrow's stain we know.

Does the Father, then, forsake His
Children ruthlessly ?

Must we bear the darkness ever
Of iniquity ?

Nay, for as the sun-light draws each
Snowflake back from whence it came,
God, in His good time, will surely
Every erring soul reclaim.

Frederic Fuller Lincoln.

A Streign.

The Sophomore who ne'er will deign
At a Freshman's joke to laugh ;
Who tilts his nose in great disdeign,
And call it " only chaugh ; "
Who jeers at him with might and meign,
But lacks his wit by haugh,
I much dislike to give him peign,
But still, he is a caught.

Edward Gove Randall.

Slumber Song.

Slumber sweet thine eyelids greet,
Marguerite;
May the angels watching o'er thee
Sing their softest dream songs for thee,
Marguerite, Marguerite.
May the night winds soothing speak,
As they blow, soft and low,
To and fro
O'er thy blushing, dimpled cheek,
Marguerite,
Whispering Love's old melody,
Sweet, to thee,
Till the morning sunlight beaming
Gently wooes thee from thy dreaming
Back to me,
Marguerite, my Marguerite.
Edward Dinwoodie Strickland.

'Tis Sad.

'Tis sad to hear the angry tempest sweep
Adown life's rugged slope,
'Tis sad when beaten back to stand and weep
Beside the graves of hope.

'Tis sad to feel the helplessness of age,
The sting of vain regret ;
'Tis sad to glean from misty tear-stained page
The days we would forget.
'Tis sad to learn that years of bitter strife
Have brought no sweet repose,
But doubly sad to find the friends of life
Have changed to bitter foes.
Ralph Aldace Stewart.

When Earth was Young.

Happy were men while yet the earth was young,
Ere yet the jocund Gods had ta'en their flight ;
While to Pan's piping wond'ring woodlands rung,
And Vulcan's forge lit up Hiera's night.
Pleasant it was to sail the sun-lit seas
In league with Amphitrite's wat'ry lord ;
To pass at day-break by the Cyclades,
With swelling sails and shouts from all on
board.
Nearer than now low-bending hung the sky,
The Gods were all revealed to mortal ken,
And heaven's bright air unto the Grecian eye
Was Zeus himself, Father of Gods and Men.

All nature was divine : the very trees
By lovely Dryads each were tenanted ;
While in the lakes and streams the Naiades,
Deep-bosomed nymphs, a glad existence led.

To men of old the maiden Queen of Night,
With love consuming, was become so wan
That when from earth she hid her silv'ry light,
They thought her pining for Endymion.

That was the happy childhood of mankind,
While yet a glamour lingered in the skies ;
Ere yet, Prometheus-like, the human mind
Had stolen from heaven its mighty mysteries.

Daniel Leavens Cady.

Ernest Albee.

Our Ships of Hope.

Brave ships of hope ; they leave the sands
Mid glad and ringing cheers ;
And some will bring from distant lands
The freightage of the years ;
And some will come with tattered sails
And gallant streamers furled,
And some will toss with blinding gales,
The driftwood of the world.

Ralph Aldace Stewart.

Prose Verses Poetry.

My lady, I laid at your beautiful feet
A blossom of poetry just as sweet
As out of my garden of thought could grow,
And you—well, you wore it a day or so.
But think not, fair maid, for your love I die
Tho' forever and ever I sing and sigh—
To the lady I play with I rhyme, God knows,
But if ever I love I will love in prose.

John Edward Colburn.

A History.

To college Chappie went, and the Pater's cash
he spent,
And he cut a sporting figure, don't you know ;
He smoked the deadly cig., and although he
flunked in Trig.
He didn't mind, it was so beastly slow.
He was often on a skate, and remained out much
too late,
And his head did suffer so, it was too bad !
He considered shaking dice much too vulgar to
be nice,
For when you lose, the other man is glad.

The parties and the balls, the receptions and the
calls,
His giddy life in fashion's widest sphere,
Wore him out as much in health as it wasted
Pater's wealth,
And the sequel of it all you now shall hear ;
For poor Chappie wasn't strong, and so it wasn't
long
Before there came to him his fatal day,
When he changed his boutonnière for a smaller
one to wear,
And caught cold and in the morning passed
away.

Edward Gove Randall.

To Be, Or Not To Be.

Tell me, Darling, if I asked you
Now, to be my wife,
Told you that I loved you madly,
More than my own life ;
Would you answer "yes" or "no," dear?—
Hopefully I stood,
But I wonder which she meant by
"Well, I think I would."

Edward Dinwoodie Strickland.

Horace to Lycæ.

If you lived on cracked ice, with the sternest of
husbands,

Who barred up your door each separate night ;
Still you ought to be sorry and pity in earnest
A fellow that shivers in any such plight.

Just hark to the hinges that creak in the night-
wind

That howls like a fiend through your orchard's
bare trees ;

Just look at the ice and the snow in this courtyard
Where I patiently stand in a snowdrift and
freeze.

Don't think for an instant you'll stand off Dame
Venus ;

It's a question of time, and the best time is now
If through nibbling at pleasure for ever and ever
You don't forfeit the gifts that the gods might
allow.

Will nothing suffice ? See my worry and suffering,
See the flowers and gifts I'm accustomed to
bring ;

Think of half of the songs I've composed in your
honor,

The thousands I'm ready and willing to sing.

Oh! I tell you you're cruel. I mean it, I tell
you

It's cold in this court, and my toga's too thin,
So if you have a heart and intend to accept me,—
Go ahead, and by Godfrey, it's time to begin.

Chauncey Marsh Goodrich.

A Ballade of Autumn.

When the ground is hard and the wind is chill,
When the woodlands glow in a gay arcade,
And the blood leaps free and the pulses thrill,
When the hoar-frost gleams on the withered
blade—

Thus Boreas hints of his sway, delayed
By the kindly beams of the autumn sun—
I sigh for the freedom of grove and glade,
At the distant bang of the hunter's gun.

The note of the plover, piping shrill
In the gloom of the forest colonnade,
The bob-white's *whirr* and the woodcock's trill
Savor the fragrance of hemlock shade;
The chipmunk chatters a mad tirade
And scurries away; poor timid one,
Small cause has he for a heart dismayed
At the distant bang of the hunter's gun!

The brakes in the pasture on the hill
Rustle and crackle their serenade,
The tinkling laughter of the rill
As it falls in a murmurous gay cascade,
Sounds in my ears as the music played
In dreams by elves in their frolic fun ;
Aside the ruler and pen are laid
At the distant bang of the hunter's gun.

ENVOY—

The dingy desk and the ledger fade,
And oh, the visions by Fancy spun,
That banish the troubles of sordid trade
At the distant bang of the hunter's gun !
Russell Wales Taft.

Grippe.

Mine eyes have seen the coming of the woeful
Russian Grippe,
It is going through the country on a kind of fly-
ing trippe,
Seizing each and everybody just above the upper
lippe,
And it still goes wheezing on.
William Watkins Griffiths.

Thoughts.

White clouds in the summer sky,
Floating through the arching blue,
Glorify and beautify

All the far encircling view
That the vision may descry.

Sweet thoughts passing through the brain

Add to life as pure a tint
As the sunbeam's sparkling train
With their golden dyes imprint
On the yellow fields of grain.

Frank Preston Brown.

Christmas Eve.

'Twas Christmas Eve ; and o'er the water's breast
Where eddyng waves their soft, low carols
sung,

Sung, as of old when Christmas hours were
young,

Their joyous anthems to the Heavenly Guest—

A gleam of light shot from the darkening west

And o'er the lake a golden pathway flung,

In crimson folds the sunset clouds low hung,

And on the snow-clad earth the kiss of evening
pressed.

'Twas thus, perhaps, by far-off Gallilee
Where walked the lowly Christ at Christmas
tide,
And heard the waves low murmuring at his
side
Their greeting to his glad Nativity,
Did parting light o'er hills Judean shine,
And rest in beauty on the Face Divine.

Leon Ernest Daniels.

founder's Day Ode.

All hail the noble man
Through whose far-sighted plan
Our college stands !
All hail Vermont's brave son !
And let us every one
Take up his work begun
With heart and hands.

While foreign foes were near,
With hostile pike and spear,
His sword flashed bright ;
But when war's sullen roar
Rolled through the land no more,
He opened wide the door
To learning's light.

Thus shall Vermont men be
Steadfast for honesty,
Friends of the right,
Trusting in wisdom's power,
Hoping to see the hour
When simple truth shall tower
High over might.

And if the day shall come
When the alarum drum
Sounds through the sky,
Then, in the nation's need,
Men of Vermont shall heed,
Ready to fight and bleed,
Ready to die.

James Campbell Hickey.

We Wonder.

If at that moment when thy wondrous mind
Existed first to rule the infinite space,
Thou could'st discern the thread of life entwined
Among the thorns and roses of our race ;
And from its start foretell the finite end
Through all the wanderings of its darkest way,
And see its rising and its falling tend
To e'er fulfill Thy plan throughout the day,—

Then did'st Thou see a myriad struggling souls
Sink deep into a world forever lost,
And, but a fraction, where the Jordan rolls
Sit down in glory crowned among Thy host ?
If in Thy wisdom there Thou can'st behold,
And reachest not to save them from above—
We wonder at the story often told—
The story of Thy mercy and Thy love.

Carl Boright Dunn.

Song.

O wake, the sun is waking ;
The day is breaking ;
The night is taking
His flight across the sea.
On all the earth the dawn is beaming,
O, maid of mine, no more lie dreaming,
Awake, and come to me.
She wakes, and binds her tresses.
My heart well guesses,
Her soft hand presses
Each shining coil and fold,
That spreads with manifold small graces,
Like aureoles about the faces
In sainted windows old.

The stair, she treads so lightly,
Sounds e'er so slightly ;
The sun falls brightly
Upon her glossy hair.
Now down the path my love is coming,
Hark, all the way I hear her humming
Strains from some sweet old air.
O heart, contain thy gladness—
Thy sweet new madness—
There is no sadness
In all the world for me.
Put on thy fairest to delight her,
For, heart of mine, thou must requite her
For all she brings to thee.

John Edward Colburn.

Sure Signs.

'Tis Spring. Yea Ho !
How do I know ?
The poet's writing sonnets,
Sweet maids are bent
On keeping Lent—
And trimming Easter bonnets.

Edward Dinwoodie Strickland.

Currus Carmen

Vel

Hurigæ Bîjugis Currûli Carmen.

STROPHE.

Quum recepit aurigæ vecturam
 Pungendum est vectore coram
 Itinerariam chartam ;—
 Pro nummis octo caeruleam,
 Pro nummis sex flavam chartam,
 Pro nummis tres rubram chartam,
 Omnia haec vectore coram.

ANTISTROPHE.

Fratres pungite ! ne pungite clam ;
 Sed semper pungite vectore coram.
Wyllis Benedict.

To—.

A dancing sunbeam wondrous fair,
 An image of delight,—
 Ah, gentle maiden, Beauty's heir,
 Bewitching as the night,
 Thy very smile a rapture is, bewitching as the
 night.

Since e'er I watched those laughing eyes
O' thine, within my heart
A fond sweet hope hath dared to rise
To know thee as thou art,
To feel my life draw nearer thine, to know thee
as thou art.

Edward Dinwoodie Strickland.

Sonnet.

(From the '96 Class Poem.)

When I remember all the the toilsome way
That lies for my reluctant feet to tread,
And how at length it leads but to the day
Whereon no glimmer of the sun is shed,
Yea, where the light is darkness, in my heart
I question whether life be worth the pain
Of struggle : whether for each ache and smart
The end will yield me recompense again.
But this I know : in failure or success,
Struggle is gain ; and he that wins no crown,
So he but strives, is victor none the less,
And triumphs howsoe'er fate cast him down,
For his own heart shall make life glad or drear,
And though he may not hope, he need not fear.

John Edward Colburn.

How She Got In.

"Pray, who is knocking at the gate,"
St. Peter cried ; "Tis somewhat late ;
The door is closed ;
All are supposed
To enter long before this date."
Then through the gloom outside the grate
Was thrust a school certificate ;
" And can it be
You don't know me ?
Why I'm a sweet girl graduate."

Frank Lee Dunham.

A Short Story of Love.

I told a girl she was of all
The fairest flower to me,
And like a music-box she filled
My life with harmony.
" A music-box, indeed ! " said she
" I have the Lord to thank,
That though I am a music-box
I don't go with a crank."

Frank Roland Jewett.

Physics.

A TRIUMPHAL (?) ODE.

Halleluyah, it is finished,
The dreadful exam,
My cares are diminished,
No more must I cram

And jam

On horse power, harmonics,
Liquid pressures and optics,
On mass and mechanics,
On wares, hydrostatics ;

Now I am

Careless of phases,
And amplitude phrases
I once was quite versed in, I care for no more
Whether $S=VT$ or $V=CT$,
And the pendulum's symbols ne'er heard of before.

Inertia once took me,
And reflection shook me,
And mirrors I always thought harmless of yore ;
Condensation, rarefaction,
That I once was near cracked on,
And organ pipes at which quite lately I swore,
Their musical rumble now makes my soul sore,

And from its abode
In my mind goes the node,
Kicked out by a memory which it once rode.
 Loops no more choke me,
And pulleys no more shall delude my poor brain.
From a sweet dream they woke me
That physics was heaven and knew not the word
 pain.
Let my mind now unburden itself from the
 strain,
 Unless with a D.
 The Prof. says to me,
“ I'm sorry, my boy, but you've got 'em again.”

A Triolet.

If I should doze in my chair,
And Polly should come behind it,
On tiptoe, to catch me there,
If I should doze in my chair,
And should kiss me at unaware,
Well, think you that I would mind it,
If I should doze in my chair
And Polly should come behind it ?
 John Edward Colburn.

Life.

**A song of bliss
I' the month of May,
A laugh, a kiss,
And so—good-day.**

Gray locks for brown,
Withered delight,
A leaf turned down
And so—good-night.

Chauncey Marsh Goodrich.

If.

If you were a lady gay of old
And I were but your warrior bold,
With crested helm and spurs of gold,
And some enchanter, weird and grim,
Should shut you in his dungeon dim,
'Mid dragons wild and serpents slim,
And where you were I should not know,
But through all lands should searching go,
Seeking for you high and low,
And so should seek for many a day
Until I met a palmer gray,
And he should tell how, far away,

He sat beneath a castle wall
When, suddenly, a hand let fall
A note that told you lay in thrall,
And I should ride by day and night
And make my weapons sharp and bright
And slay the wizard in the fight,
And then should seek you everywhere,
Up many a winding turret stair,
Until at length I found you there,
And then should end my bitter quest,
And there should gain reward—the best,
And there—but you know all the rest.
What blossoms in our fancies blow!
These are but fairy tales I know—
But don't you wish that they were so?
John Edward Colburn.

A Wish.

(From the German.)

Thou curved and shining ivory lyre,
I would that I were thee;
The Spartan youth should never tire
Of my dance-melody.

W. H. C.

Or if the gods deny 'tis best,
Would they might grant me this—
To be a gem on some fair breast
And hear the first love-kiss.

Henry Jennings Kilbourn.

To the Neophyte.

The tiny stars were shining bright
O'er valley, hill and plain,
The sickly moon behind a cloud,
Shone on the earth again ;
Save that the trees were whispering,
A silence reigned supreme ;
And all existence seemed to be
A strange, erratic dream.
A lonely woods, a skeleton,
A graveyard with its gloom,
A mound of earth that's lately dug,
A cold and silent tomb,
Fantastic shadows, grewsome shapes,
A strange, sulphuric smell,
A fiendish cry, a fiery form,
An entrance into Hell !

And when the Neophyte once more,
His footsteps homeward turned,
He pondered long within his heart
The lessons he had learned.
The only joy on earth for him,
That makes his spirit light,
He thinks next year his turn will come
To test the Neophyte.

Frank Roland Jewett.

Lent.

For forty days you've bade me nay,
Withheld from me your kisses,
Sweet Dorothy, because, you say,
Your Lenten penance this is.
Ah, Mistress Dorothy, beware !
For while before the altar
On bended knee you've read your prayer,
With hymnal and with psalter,
My heart has learned, *ma chere*, you see
That life is still worth living,
So long as Beatrice to me
Her kisses sweet is giving.

Edward Dinwoodie Strickland.

"Owed" to the "Star."

When far o'er the ocean of life we are sailing,
When the shores of the past are fast fading
from view,

When the beacons of youth are relentlessly
paling,

And dim are the scenes that as students we
knew,

Then a mem'ry will come in the haziness blue
Of the days of lang syne, that will brighten our
eyes,

A thought of the Star and its barbarous crew ;
The bugs in the butter ; the flies in the pies.

For there we would sit, our cigarros inhaling,
As " after the ball " we would all rendezvous,
To prate of our partners, their failings assailing,

The breath of Marie or the grammar of Lou ;

And as round in its orbit the crockery flew
Through the smoke-laden ether, we'd sated arise

And hasten to dreams of the steak or the stew—
The bugs in the butter ; the flies in the pies.

And there we've met many a mucker entailing

A nodding acquaintance with Freddy LaROUX,
Or Hyacinthe Pine, given o'er to regaling

The "gang" with a ditty of dubious hue—
The goddess Democracie's own retinue
There gathers to gossip and give exercise
To its maxillar muscles, and thereby to chew
The bugs in the butter; the flies in the pies.

ENVOY.

HOAG : I owe seven-fifty to you ;
If you fain would collect it come up to the skies
And dun me again when I've murmured adieu
To the bugs in the butter ; the flies in the pies !
Russell Wales Taft.

Autumn Woods.

Old October, gay and brown,
Threw its shadow o'er the woods ;
And the trees put on red hoods,
And the nuts came rattling down.
Chirp of chipmunk, sound of swallow,
Drowsy hum of bees—
As the Autumn rich and mellow,
Clothed in crimson, gold and yellow,
Filled with restful ease,
Sent its long enraptured straining
Down its aisles among ;

And my heart in glad refraining,
Echoed to the song it sung,
Why are we unhappy, mortals,
On this earth below,
When the woods swing wide their portals
And we all may go?
For the sweet content it brings
Is beyond the reach of kings.

Leon Ernest Daniels.

At Chickamauga.

Bare thou thy head, O soldier : think of yore
How fought thy fathers here, and bled and died
That freedom to a race be not denied,
And union might be ours for evermore.
With weary feet these hills they trampled o'er,
Or fought from morn until the eventide
With comrades stricken down on every side,
No time for parting then, none to deplore.
Here, then, on bended knee ask thou for strength
To be as brave and true as those who heard
Stern duty's call, and when the hour at length
To you shall come, as strong in deed as word,
Go forth a nation's liverty to save,
Humanity entreats thee : be thou brave.

Alfred John McKellow.

June 3, 1898.

The Nightingale.

Alone in darkness doth the nightingale
In orient climes hid deep among the old
Dim-growing larches send the mingled gold
And fire of his rondel down the dale ;
No ear doth hear the bird's melodious wail
For slumber in its soft and downy fold
The dim and dreamy universe doth hold
And no man marks his wild and amorous tale.

Yet still he nightly pours his wondrous song
Nor deems his unheard melody in vain,
Nor falters though the waiting be full long,
For well he knows that touched with some
sweet pain
And rousing somewhere from the drowsy throng
Some kindred soul shall echo back the strain.

William Henry Bliss.

Quatrain.

Whether to endless death or life everlasting it
leadeth,
That is beyond my guess. Only I see that
the road

Stretches wearily on ; and my soul, however it
pleadeth
Bears the old burden still, and no one lifts at
the load.

John Edward Colburn.

Rondeau.

We played at chess—in grim array
The wooden warriors hither sway,
Now thither lean ; my valiant knight
Entraps a pawn and takes to flight ;
Her castle makes my rook its prey.

But ah, at length her line gives way,
Confusion led her queen astray
As, frolicking in love's despite
We played at chess.

Ah, sweetheart, double was the play,
And both were victors in the fray.
For though I won the mimic fight
Yours was the triumph recondite,
My heart I lost to you that day
We played at chess.

Argument Pro.

Why should a body weep if a body get a kiss?
There's no harm done in committing such a
simple theft as this.

And 'tis wrong to dim the lustre of a body's
eyes with tears ;

If a body feels indignant, let her box a body's
ears.

That would haunt a body's memory and make a
body sigh

When he thought of stealing kisses coming
through a field of rye.

If a body kissed a body several thousand years
ago,

How does that affect the question, I would surely
like to know ;

'Tis no reason why a body, 'at this later modern
day

Should be as big a ninny or as great a goose as
they :

And in this nineteenth century, why should a
body cry

If a body meet a body coming through a field of
rye ?

So I think the matter settled, that 'tis foolish
and unwise,
If a body kiss a body, thus to dim a body's eyes ;
And I know a body wouldn't, could a body only
guess
That all the stolen kisses didn't make them any
less ;
And I think our modern maidens would not
have a useless cry
If a body chanced to kiss them coming through
a field of rye.

Mary Annie Carley.

Mars.

A world looks out on another sphere,
By the glance of a magic lens,
And its outline gleams in the heavens clear,
And a message of wonder sends,
Of a land unknown, where mountains rise
From verdure and glistening snows,
And rivers roll under sunny skies,
'Neath the bending forest boughs,

Far back in the infinite deepening past
Did the God of the nations raise
A people there on its hillsides vast,
With a heart and a soul to praise?
Are there lips that speak on that far-off Mars?
Are there hearts that are brave and bright?
And do souls go out through the shining stars
From that world in the eastern night?
Do ships sail over the beauteous seas,
Strong manned by a daring crew?
And are fond farewells on the bounding breeze
Flung out to the sailors true?
O, Science old, with thy searching might
Delve deep in the planet's face,
And bring us down from the shining light
A glimpse of a mortal race.

Carl Boright Dunn.

